



THIS is not an artistically rounded off ghost story and nothing is explained in it; and there seems to be no reason why any of it should have happened. But that is no reason why it should not be told. You must have noticed that all the real ghost stories you ever come close to are like this in these respects: no explanation, no logical coherence. Here is the story.

There were three of us—and another. But she had fainted suddenly at the second extra of the Christmas Dance, and had been put to bed in the dressing-room next to the room which we three shared. It had been one of those jolly old-fashioned dances, where nearly everybody stays the night, and the big country house is stretched to its utmost containing power; guests harbouring on sofas, couches, cots, and even mattresses on the floor. Some of the young men, even, I believe, slept on the great dining table. We had talked of our partners, as girls will, and then the stillness of the Manor House, broken only by the whisper of the wind in the cedar branches, and the scraping of their lean fingers against our window panes, had pricked us to such a luxurious confidence in our surroundings of bright chintz and candleflame and firelight, that we had dared to talk of ghosts—in which, said we all, we did not believe one bit. We had told the story of the phantom coach, and the horribly strange bed, and the lady in the sacque, and the house in Berkeley Square. Not one of us believed in ghosts, but my heart, at least, seemed to leap to my throat and choke me, when a tap came to our door—a tap faint, but not to be mistaken.

"Who's there?" said the youngest of us, craning a lean neck towards the door. It opened slowly—and I give you my word the instant of suspense that followed is still reckoned among my life's least confident moments. Almost at once the door opened fully, and Miss Eastwich, my aunt's housekeeper, companion and general standby, looked in on us.

We all said "Come in," but she stood there. She was, at all normal hours, the most silent woman I have ever known. She stood and looked at us, and shivered a little. So did we—for in those days corridors were not warmed by hot-water pipes, and the air from the door was keen.

"I saw your light," she said at last, "and I thought it was late for you to be up—after all this gaiety. I thought perhaps—" her glance turned towards the door of the dressing room.

"No," I said, "she's fast asleep." I should have added a "goodnight," but the youngest of us forestalled my speech. She did not know Miss Eastwich as we others did. Did not know how her

persistent silence had built a wall round her, a wall that no one dared to break down with the commonplace of talk or the littleness of mere human relationship. Miss Eastwich's silence had taught us to treat her as a machine, and as other than a machine we never dreamed of treating her. But the youngest of us had seen Miss Eastwich for the first time that day. She was young and crude and ill-balanced, and the victim of blind calf-like impulse. She was also the heiress of a rich tallow-chandler, but that has nothing to do with this part of the story. She jumped up from the hearthrug, her unsuitably rich silk lace-trimmed dressing gown falling back from her lean neck, and ran to the door and put an arm round Miss Eastwich's prim lisse-encircled neck. I gasped. I should as soon have dared embrace Cleopatra's Needle.

"Come in," said the youngest of us, "come in and get warm. There's lots of cocoa left." She drew Miss Eastwich in and shut the door.

The vivid light of pleasure in the housekeeper's pale eyes went through my heart like a knife. It would have been so easy to put an arm round her neck if one had only thought she wanted it. But it was not I who had thought that, and indeed, my arm might not have brought the light invoked by the lean arm of the youngest of us.

"Now," the youngest went on eagerly, "you shall have the very biggest, nicest chair, and the cocoa pot's here on the hob as hot as hot, and we've all been telling ghost stories, only we don't believe in them a bit, and when you get warm you ought to tell one too."

Miss Eastwich, that model of decorum and decently done duties, tell a ghost story! The child was mad!

"You're sure I'm not in your way?" Miss Eastwich said, stretching her hands to the blaze. I wondered whether housekeepers have fires in their rooms even at Christmas time.

"Not a bit." I said it and I hope I said it as warmly as I felt it. "I—Miss Eastwich—I'd have asked you to come in other times—only I didn't think you'd care for girls' chatter."

The third girl, who was really of no account, and that's why I have not said anything about her before, poured cocoa for our guest; I put my fleecy Madeira shawl round her shoulders. I could not think of anything else to do for her, and I suddenly found myself wishing desperately to do something. The smile she gave us was quite pretty. People can smile prettily at 40 or 50, or even later, though girls don't realize this. It occurred to me, and this was another knife-thrust, that I had never seen Miss Eastwich smile—a real smile—before. The

pale smiles of dutiful acquiescence were not of the same blood as this dimpling, happy transfiguring look.

"This is very pleasant," she said, and it seemed to me that I had never before heard her real voice. It did not please me to think that at the cost of cocoa and fire and my arms round her neck I might have heard this new voice any time these six years.

"We've been telling ghost stories," I said, "the worst of it is we don't believe in ghosts. No one anyone knows has ever seen one."

"It's always what somebody told somebody who told somebody, you know," said the youngest of us. "And you can't believe that, can you?"

"What the soldier said is not evidence," said Miss Eastwich. Will it be believed that the little Dickens quotation pierced me more keenly than the new smile or the new voice?

"And all ghost stories are so beautifully rounded off—a murder committed on the spot—or a hidden treasure or a warning—I think that makes them harder to believe. The most horrid ghost story I ever heard was one that was quite silly."

"Tell it."

"I can't—it doesn't sound anything to tell. Miss Eastwich ought to tell one."

"Oh, do!" said the youngest of us, and her silencers loomed dark as she stretched her neck eagerly and laid an entreating arm on our guest's knee.

"The only thing that I ever knew of was—was hearsay," she said slowly, "at least half of it was."

I knew she would tell her story, and I knew she had never before told it, and I knew she was only telling it now because she was proud, and this seemed the only way to pay for the fire and the cocoa and the laying of that thin arm round her neck.

"Don't tell it," I said suddenly, "I know you'd rather not."

"I daresay it would bore you," she said meekly, and the youngest of us, who after all, did not understand everything, glared resentfully at me.

"We should just love it," she said, "do tell us. Never mind if it isn't a real proper fixed-up story. I'm certain anything you think ghostly would be quite too beautifully horrid for anything."

Miss Eastwich finished her cocoa and reached up to set the cup on the mantelpiece.

"It can't do any harm," she said to herself, "they don't believe in ghosts, and it wasn't exactly a ghost either. And they're all over twenty—they're not babies." There was a breathing time of hush and expectancy. The fire crackled and the gas suddenly flared higher because the billiard lights had been

put out. We heard the steps and voices of the men going along the corridors.

"It is really hardly worth telling," Miss Eastwich said doubtfully, shading her faded face from the fire with her thin hand.

We all said, "Go on; oh, go on, do!"

"Well," she said, "twenty years ago, and more than that, I had two friends, and I loved them more than anything in the world. And they married each other."

She paused, and I knew just in what way she had loved each of them. The youngest of us said, "How awfully nice for you! Do go on."

She patted the youngest's shoulder, and I was glad that I had understood what the youngest of all hadn't. She went on.

"Well, after they were married I didn't see much of them for a year or two, and then he wrote and asked me to come and stay, because his wife was ill, and I should cheer her up, and cheer him up as well, for it was a gloomy house, and he himself was growing gloomy too."

I knew as she spoke that she had every line of that letter by heart.

"Well, I went. The address was in Lee, near London, and in those days there were streets and streets of new villa-houses growing up round old brick mansions standing in their own grounds, with red walls round, you know, and a sort of flavor of coaching days and post-chaises and Blackheath highwaymen about them. He had said the house was gloomy, and it was called 'The Firs,' and I imagined my cab going through a dark winding shrubbery and drawing up in front of one of those sedate old square houses. Instead, we drew up in front of a large, smart villa, with iron railings, gay, encaustic tiles leading from the iron gate to the stained-glass-panelled door, and for shrubbery, only a few stunted cypresses and acubas in the tiny front garden. But inside it was all warm and welcoming. He met me at the door.

She was gazing into the fire, and I knew she had forgotten us. But the youngest girl of all still thought that it was to us she was telling her story.

"He met me at the door," she said again, "and thanked me for coming, and asked me to forgive the past."

"What past?" asked that high priestess of the inapropos, the youngest of all.

"Oh, I suppose he meant because they hadn't invited me before, or something,"

said Miss Eastwich, worriedly. "But it's a very dull story, I find, after all, and—"

"Do go on," I said. Then I kicked the youngest of us and got up to re-arrange Miss Eastwich's shawl, and said in blatant dumb show, over the shawled shoulders:

"Shut up, you little idiot!"

After another silence the housekeeper's new voice went on:

"They were very glad to see me, and I was very glad to be there. You girls now have such troops of friends, but these two were all I had, all I had ever had. Mabel wasn't exactly ill, only weak and excitable. I thought he seemed more ill than she did. She went to bed early, and before she went, she asked me to keep him company through his last pipe, so we went into the dining room and sat in the two armchairs on each side of the fireplace. They were covered with green leather, I remember. There were bronze groups of horses and a black marble clock on the mantelpiece—all wedding presents. He poured out some whisky for himself, but he hardly touched it. He sat looking into the fire. At last I said:

"What's wrong? Mabel looks as well as you could expect."

"He said 'Yes, but I don't know from one day to another that she won't begin to notice something wrong. That's why I wanted you to come. You were always so sensible and strong-minded, and Mabel's like a little bird, or a flower.'"

"I said 'Yes, of course,' and waited for him to go on. I thought he must be in debt or in trouble of some sort. So I just waited. Presently he said:

"'Margaret, this is a very peculiar house.' He always called me Margaret; you see, we'd been such old friends. I told him I thought the house was very pretty, and fresh, and homelike, only a little too new, but that fault would mend with time. He said:

"'It is new; that's just it. We're the first people who've ever lived in it. If it were an old house, Margaret, I should think it was haunted.'"

"I asked if he had seen anything. 'No,' he said, 'not yet.'"

"'Heard, then?' said I.

"'No, nor heard either,' he said, 'but there's a sort of feeling, I can't describe it. I've seen nothing and I've heard nothing, but I've been so near to seeing and hearing! Just not, that's all. And something follows me about—only when I turn round there's never anything but my shadow. And I always feel that I shall see the thing, or hear it, next minute; but I never do, not quite, it's always just not visible.'"

"I thought he'd been working rather hard, and I tried to cheer him up by making light of all this. 'It was just nerves,' I said. Then he said he had thought I could help him, and did I think anyone he had wronged could have laid a curse on him, and did I believe in curses? I said I didn't, and the only person anyone could have said he had wronged

know how one sees things without looking—but if I turned round it seemed as if the thing dropped and melted into my shadow. There was a little window at the end of the corridor.

"Downstairs there was another corridor, somewhat like it, with a cupboard at one end and the kitchen at the other. One night I went down into the kitchen to warm some milk for Mabel. The servants had gone to bed. As I stood by the fire waiting for the milk to boil I glanced through the open door and along the passage. I never could keep my eyes on what I was doing, in that house. The cupboard door was partly open; they used to keep empty bottles and things in it. And as I looked I knew that now it was not going to be 'almost' any more. Yet I said 'Mabel?' not because I thought it could be Mabel who was crouching down there, half in and half out of the cupboard. The thing was gray at first and then it was black. And when I whispered 'Mabel,' it seemed to sink down till it lay like a pool of ink on the floor, and then its edges drew in, and it seemed to flow, like ink, when you tilt up the paper you have spilt it on, and it flowed into the cupboard till it was all gathered into the shadow there. I saw it go quite plainly. The gas was full on in the kitchen. I screamed aloud, but even then I'm thankful to say I had enough sense to upset the boiling milk, so that when he came downstairs three steps at a time, I had the excuse for my scream of a scalded hand. The explanation was satisfactory to Mabel, but next night he said:

"'Why didn't you tell me? It was that cupboard. All the horror of the house comes out of that. Tell me, have you seen anything yet? Or is it only the nearly seeing and nearly hearing still?'"

"I said, 'You must tell me first what you've seen.' He told me, and his eyes wandered as he spoke to the shadows by the curtains, and I turned up all three gaslights and lit the candles on the mantelpiece. Then we looked at each other and said we were both mad, and thanked God that Mabel was at least sane. For what he had seen was what I had seen.

"After that I hated to be alone with a shadow, because at any moment I might see something that would crouch and sink and lie like a black pool and then slowly draw itself into the shadow that was nearest. Often that shadow was my own. The thing came first at night, but afterwards there was no hour safe from it. I saw it at dawn, and at noon, in the dusk and in the firelight, and always it crouched and sank, and was a pool that flowed into some shadow and became part of it. And always I saw it with a straining of the eyes, a pricking and aching. It seemed as though I could only just see it, as if my sight, to see it, had to be strained to the uttermost. And still the sound was in the house, the sound that I could just not hear. At last one morning early I did hear it. It was close behind me, and it was only a sigh. It was worse than the thing that crept among the shadows.

"I don't know how I bore it. I couldn't have borne it if I hadn't been so fond of them both. But I knew in my heart that if he had no one to whom he could speak openly he would go mad, or tell Mabel. His was not a very strong character. Very sweet and kind and gentle, but not strong. He was always easily led. So I stayed on and bore up, and we were very cheerful and made little jokes and tried to be amusing when Mabel was with us. But when we were alone we did not try to be amusing.

"And sometimes a day or two would go by without our seeing or hearing anything, and we should perhaps have fancied that we had fancied what we had seen and heard, only there was always the feeling of there being something about the house that one could just not hear and not see. Sometimes we used to try not to talk about it, but generally we talked of nothing else (Continued on page 22.)



"You must tell me first what you've seen."

forgave him freely. I knew, if there was anything to forgive. So I told him this too."

It was I, not the youngest of us, who knew the name of that person wronged and forgiving.

"So then I said 'He ought to take Mabel away from the house and have a complete change.' But he said, 'No, Mabel had got everything in order, and he could never manage to get her away just now without explaining everything, and above all,' he said, 'she mustn't guess there's anything wrong. I daresay I shall not feel quite such a lunatic now you're here.'"

"So we said 'Good-night.'"

"Is that all the story?" said the third girl, striving to convey that even as it stood it was a good story.

"That is only the beginning," said Miss Eastwich. "Whenever I was alone with him, he used to tell me the same thing over and over again, and at first when I began to notice things I tried to think that it was his talk that had upset my nerves. The odd thing was that it wasn't only at night—but in broad daylight, and particularly on the stairs and passages. On the staircase the feeling used to be so awful that I have had to bite my lips till they bled, to keep myself from running up the stairs at full speed. Only I knew if I did I should go mad at the top. There was always something behind me—exactly as he had said—something that one could just not see. And, a sound, that one could just not hear. There was a long corridor at the top of the house. I have sometimes almost seen something—you

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To Save Coal the Great Problem (Continued from page 19.)

toward the doorway which opened on a vista of glass bulbs and twisted tubes and strange receptacles and glowing ovens tongued with rainbow flames.

"What have you to say about the Subway?" was suggested. "Is it, in your opinion, a solid and successful feat of engineering?"

"Of course it is—an admirable piece of work. We hear talk from time to time about underground perils—about excessive heat and foul air, and impending cave-ins. But such talk is idle for the most part. If I were an insurance company, it would be an ideal risk, because the risk would be practically nil. But there, there, we have said enough. What? My notes and notions? All of them are over yonder in that pile of books," as he passed out of the laboratory, and left me with probably the most unique volumes of a sort ever penned—the remarkable Edison notebooks, which are recorded the various stages of nearly every invention conceived or executed by one of the tallest geniuses of modern times.

Volumes have been written about Thomas A. Edison himself and about his laboratory and machine shops. He has been interviewed on nearly every topic under the scientific sun, but hardly any mention has been made of his dusty, well-thumbed note-books, the oldest of which dates back to duplex telegraphy, his fourth invention.

This Edisonian Book of Genesis also contains particulars of an apparatus for recording votes, for which a patent was applied in 1889. The item is interesting as the first of one thousand patents taken out in his name. As the notebook habit became a confirmed one with him, the items became more detailed and elaborate. No careless entries were made, and no erasures are in evidence. Here and there the word

HURRAH!

stands out hand-printed on a page. A particularly vociferous exclamation appears directly under a minute record of the various stages of progress in the quadruplex system of telegraphy.

Even more frequent, however, are the appearances of the talismanic letters "N. G." at the end of a notation. Whenever an item bears those letters for a punctuation, no subsequent mention of the item is on record. As a precautionary measure, each page of the several volumes is dated and the date attested by three witnesses chosen from among his confidential assistants. Whenever, as has happened on various occasions, a lawsuit is brought against or by Thomas A. Edison, his note-books have been of invaluable assistance—his best witnesses and staunchest documents in evidence.

One of the most interesting passages in the notebooks sets forth in detail the Alpha and Omega of the Edison incandescent light, which, as the world now knows, is produced from a little piece of paper—a tiny slip that a zephyr would blow away. It seems very simple, that invention. But if you follow it line by line and page by page in one of these volumes you soon begin to realize that the inventor is worthy of his fame.

Naturally, the first stage of the incandescent problem was to overcome the inflammability of the paper. The answer appeared simple. Edison made his paper more infusible than platinum and more durable than granite, a stage which involved no complicated process. The paper was simply baked in an oven until all its elements were consumed except the carbon framework. This was carefully placed in a glass globe connected with wires leading to the generator and the air was exhausted from the globe, creating a vacuum. Lo! the apparatus was ready to give out light without flame, without danger, demanding no matches to ignite and void of all flickering.

Pages record the slow stages of this epoch-making invention. For example, while working in the laboratory one day in the very early eighties, the baffled inventor chanced to be rolling between his fingers a piece of compressed lampblack mixed with tar for use in the telephone. Under the rolling process the piece became a slender filament. Happening to emerge from his abstraction and noting the lamplblack, it occurred to him, say the notebooks, that it might give good results as a burner if it were made incandescent. Directly the experiment was made and proved satisfactory.

Shortly afterward the notebooks record that Edison recruited a piece of ordinary cotton thread, which was placed in a groove between two bits of iron and then

showed into the furnace. At the expiration of an hour the iron and thread were removed, and all that was left of the thread after its fiery ordeal was a delicate carbon framework. This was placed in a globe, as previously described of, though subsequently tried with paper, and the current turned on, a beautiful light greeted his eyes. The current was intensified, but, contrary to expectations, a more brilliant light was created. More and still more he increased the current, yet the frail thread remained intact. Then, with characteristic impetuosity, and marveling at the power of the filament, the full power of the machine was turned on and the consequences eagerly watched.

For a minute or so the slender thread seemed to struggle with the intense heat passing through it—heat that would melt a diamond itself—until it succumbed. Night and day, with scarcely rest enough to eat and sleep, the inventor continued his experiments. From carbonizing pieces of thread he went to splinters of wood, straw and then paper.

As a sample of the notations which appear in these wonderful dream books, the following items may be taken.

The matter in butternut shucks gives a color with sulphate of iron. Get butternuts.

Chloroform is a test for iodine. Experiment with the instantaneous formation of metallic tin flakes by chemical composition in glass and on paper to form metallic dots and dashes in paper for repertory.

Experiment on the speed, strength of current, and form of coil which is best to work by induction. It may be a primary of 20,000 turns, and a secondary of 10,000. Thus, will work with very delicate current.

At least fifty notebooks deal with the phonograph, which remains a pet invention of its creator. Thus stage by stage and page by page, the genius of Thomas A. Edison is curiously recorded, a genius which is half patient painstaking and half common sense, nor is it in any way spooky as revealed in those beautifully written diaries. Asked if the many "N. G." which star or mar the pages represented a waste of time, the Columbus of chemistry began murmuring something about—

Him who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones.
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things—
Or words which meant the same.

The Portent of the Shadow

(Continued from page 11.)

at all. And the weeks went by, and Mabel's baby was born. The nurse and the doctor said that both mother and child were doing well. He and I sat late in the dining-room that night. We had neither of us seen or heard anything for three days—our anxiety about Mabel was lessened. We talked of the future; it seemed then so much brighter than the past. We arranged that the moment she was fit to be moved he should take her away to the sea, and I should superintend the moving of their furniture into the new house he had already chosen. He was gayer than I had seen him since his marriage almost like his old self. When I said "good-night" to him he said a lot of things about my having been a comfort to them both. I hadn't done anything much of course, but still I am glad he said that.

"Then I went upstairs—almost for the first time without that feeling of something following me. I listened at Mabel's door. Everything was quiet. I went on towards my own room, and in an instant I felt that there was something behind me. I turned. It was crouching there; it sunk, and the black fluidness of it seemed to be sucked under the door of Mabel's room.

"I went back. I opened the door a listening inch. All was still. And then I heard a sigh—close behind me. I opened the door and went in. The nurse and the baby were asleep. Mabel was asleep, too; she looked so pretty, like a tired child—the baby was cuddled up into one of her arms with its tiny head against her side. I prayed then that Mabel might never know the terrors that he and I had known—that those little ears might never hear any but pretty sounds, those dear eyes never see any but pretty sights. I did not dare to pray for a long time after that. Because my prayer was answered. She never saw or heard anything more in this world. And now I could do nothing more for him or for her.

"When they had put her in her coffin I lighted wax candles round her, and

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laid the horrible white flowers that people will send, near to her, and then I saw he had followed me. I took his hand to lead him away.

"At the door we both turned. It seemed to us that we heard a sigh. He would have sprung to her side, in I don't know what mad glad hope. But at that instant we both saw it. Between us and the coffin, first gray, then black, it crouched an instant, then sank and liquid, and was gathered together and drawn till it ran into the nearest shadow. And the nearest shadow was the shadow of Mabel's coffin. I left the next day. His mother came. She had never liked me."

Miss Eastwich paused. I think she had quite forgotten us.

"Didn't you see him again?" asked the youngest of all.

"Only once," Miss Eastwich answered, "and something black crouched then between him and me. But it was only his second wife crying beside his coffin. It's not a cheerful story, is it? And it doesn't lead anywhere. I've never told anyone else. I think it was seeing his daughter that brought it all back."

She looked toward the dressing-room door. "Mabel's baby," said the youngest of all.

"Yes, and exactly like Mabel, only with his eyes."

The youngest of all had Miss Eastwich's hands and was petting them.

Suddenly the woman wrenched her hands away and stood at her gaunt height, hands clenched, eyes straining. She was looking at something that we could not see, and I know now what the man in the Bible meant when he said "the hair of my flesh stood up—"

What she saw seemed not quite to reach the height of the dressing-room door handle. Her eyes following it down, down, widened and widened. Mine followed him, and all the nerves of my eyes seemed strained to the uttermost—and I almost saw—or did I quite see? I can't be certain. But we all heard the long-drawn, quivering sigh. And to each of us it seemed to be breathed just behind each.

It was I who caught up the candle—it dropped wax all over my trembling hands—it was I who was dragged by Miss Eastwich to the side of the girl who had fainted during the second extra. But it was the youngest of all whose lean arms were round the housekeeper when we turned away, and that have been round her many a time since in the new home where she keeps house for the youngest of us all.

The doctor, who came in the morning, said that Mabel's daughter had died of heart disease, which she inherited from her mother. That was what made her faint during the second extra. But I have sometimes wondered whether she may not have inherited something from her father. I have never been able to forget the look on her dead face.

[END.]

The Best In Photography

(Continued from page 13.)

scenae and architectural designs, while the Italians lean strongly to the decorative side of art.

It is a pity that space does not permit a review of the European work, which for some reason (perhaps because the American works faster) seems to average higher in pictorial quality than that of America.

It may be said that as a whole there are fewer poor pictures and more good ones in the Second American Salon than in any photographic exhibition ever shown in this country. It may further be said that more good workers here come forward and crowd out old ones than ever was known to have come to the front in one year in all the history of photography. In addition to all this, more interest is being taken in this exhibition than any ever held in Pittsburgh, and this in spite of the fact that the attendance last year ran up to the remarkable figure of 6,500 visitors.

ATTRACTIVE BOOKLET ISSUED.

The Southern Railway Company has issued several attractive booklets which will be of great interest to anyone who is contemplating a trip to the South. Copies may be obtained from C. W. Genet, Jr., Park Building, local representative for the system.

You can always flatter a very young man by telling him he resembles some popular actor.

WILL EXHIBIT PAINTINGS.

Howard L. Hildebrandt, a Pittsburgher, who has his studio in New York, and is one over most distinguished portrait painters, will have an exhibition of his works in oil paintings at the Wunderley galleries, beginning the 20th of January and lasting two weeks. The exhibit will include several portraits of prominent Pittsburghers (ladies and gentlemen), some studies and marines.

Mr. Hildebrandt has exhibited in Paris, and the French critics have been always very enthusiastic about the work of this young American artist. His work is characterized by excellent draughtsmanship, crisp, clear color, graceful composition, good tonal quality, and a skill in the treatment of textures, while his portraits are essentially suggestive of the best in the personality of the sitter.

Mr. Hildebrandt is an ideal American artist, enthusiastic, energetic and revels

in painting subjects which are of American type.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrandt are now in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Hildebrandt is painting some miniatures.

"THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA IS PARADISE REGAINED."

From Jacksonville to Palm Beach and Miami, and by connection with steamers from the latter place to Nassau, Key West and Havana, the line of the Florida East Coast Railway offers tourists a long list of beautiful places to spend the winter in and with hotel service at each of the places that cannot be surpassed. At St. Augustine, the Ponce De Leon, the most beautiful hotel building in the world, a veritable work of art, and the Alcazar; at Ormond, Hotel Ormond; at Palm Beach, the Royal Poinciana and the Breakers; at Miami, the Royal Palm; at Nassau, the Colonial and the Royal Victoria; and at Atlantic Beach, on the At-

lantic ocean, 20 miles from Jacksonville, the Continental.

The descriptive booklet issued by the Florida East Coast Railway is especially valuable to the tourist, as it gives the description of each place on the East Coast, the distances, rates of fare and a complete list of hotels and boarding houses, with the daily and weekly rate of each, which ranges from \$8 per week up. The idea that only wealthy people can afford to visit the East Coast of Florida during the winter tourist season is a mistake. J. P. Beckwith, Traffic Manager, J. D. Rahner, Assistant General Passenger Agent, General Offices: St. Augustine, Florida. New York Office, 243 Fifth avenue. Chicago Office, 130 Adams street.

Jawback—"My mother's cooking—?" Mrs. Jawback—"Well, she deserves it. But I didn't think you'd acknowledge it so shortly after her death."—Cleveland Leader.

JOSEPH HORNE CO.

Penn Avenue & Fifth Street

The Balmy Breezes of the South

are urging many Pittsburg families to an immediate departure for the orange groves and the ocean beaches—presto! change!—from Winter to Summer.

In the midst of Winter prepare for Summer is one of the mottoes of this store, and we are now ready with many lines of midsummer goods. For instance—

More New Cottons From France.

The land of art and sunshine has produced these dainty fabrics for those who are preparing gowns to be worn among the orange groves or out in the browning sunshine of Palm Beach.

But you've got plenty of other uses for them here at home.

Some for wear right away, others to be made up during the dull days before the Spring dress-making begins, while dressmakers have more leisure.

Embroidered Voiles—

A beautiful filmy material, embroidered in self color and contrasting colors. You will want a dress pattern of these when you see them. Price, \$1.50 and \$2.25 a yard. 42 inches wide.

Mohair Swisses—

In white and colored grounds, beautifully embroidered. From 30 to 44 inches wide. (We will say right here that Swisses will be very much worn again next summer.) Price, 50c to \$2.00 a yard.

French Muslin—

White and colored grounds embroidered in contrasting colors. The eyelet hole embroidery will be very popular and much used the coming season. Price, \$1.25 a yard. 44 inches wide.

Printed Organdies—

Large floral designs have the call, and they certainly are "stunning." White and colored grounds. Price, 40c a yard.

The New White Oxfords.

Of course to uphold Fashion you must have white oxfords. Advance styles in low cut shoes for next Summer now ready in the Shoe Store.

White calf Oxfords, the newest idea, \$4.00.

White linen Gibson Ties, \$3.00.

White linen Pumps, \$3.00.

THE PARASOL

To go to the tropics without the latest style parasol would be to defy Fashion. Our 1906 models are ready

Orange Grove Gowns.

And just as effective on the beach.

We are quite ready with beautiful gowns for the many women who intend going South, and a very pretty appearance they make.

Masses of attractive lace or scattered motifs are seen in most. Embroidery is everywhere. White almost all together. Cluny and Irish laces are by far the favorites, though German Valenciennes holds its own.

Among the new suits you will find cream serge and hand embroidered linens, lavender and cream, for instance, as well as white embroidery with cream.

Hardly less exquisite are the beautiful waists in lace, linens and lingerie. These new cotton waists are bedecked with laces and embroideries.

Do not forget to ask to see the cream white separate skirts that have found much favor with those who go to the South.

New Millinery for the Southland.

Beautiful new pressed Leghorns.

New Lingerie Hats, handsomely embroidered.

White Lace and Maline Hats.

Sprightly Rose and Flower Toques.

A great line of Outing Hats.

Each year the demand for Southland hats increases, and we take it as a command from devotees of Fashion to gather all the advance styles as early as possible. Many an Easter model is included in our showing.

We have to inform you that old rose hats will be very fashionable next Summer. That's the word from Paris.

In this connection we beg to introduce Palm Beach models for girls, styles that are exclusive and that are modestly priced.